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Heart Echoes

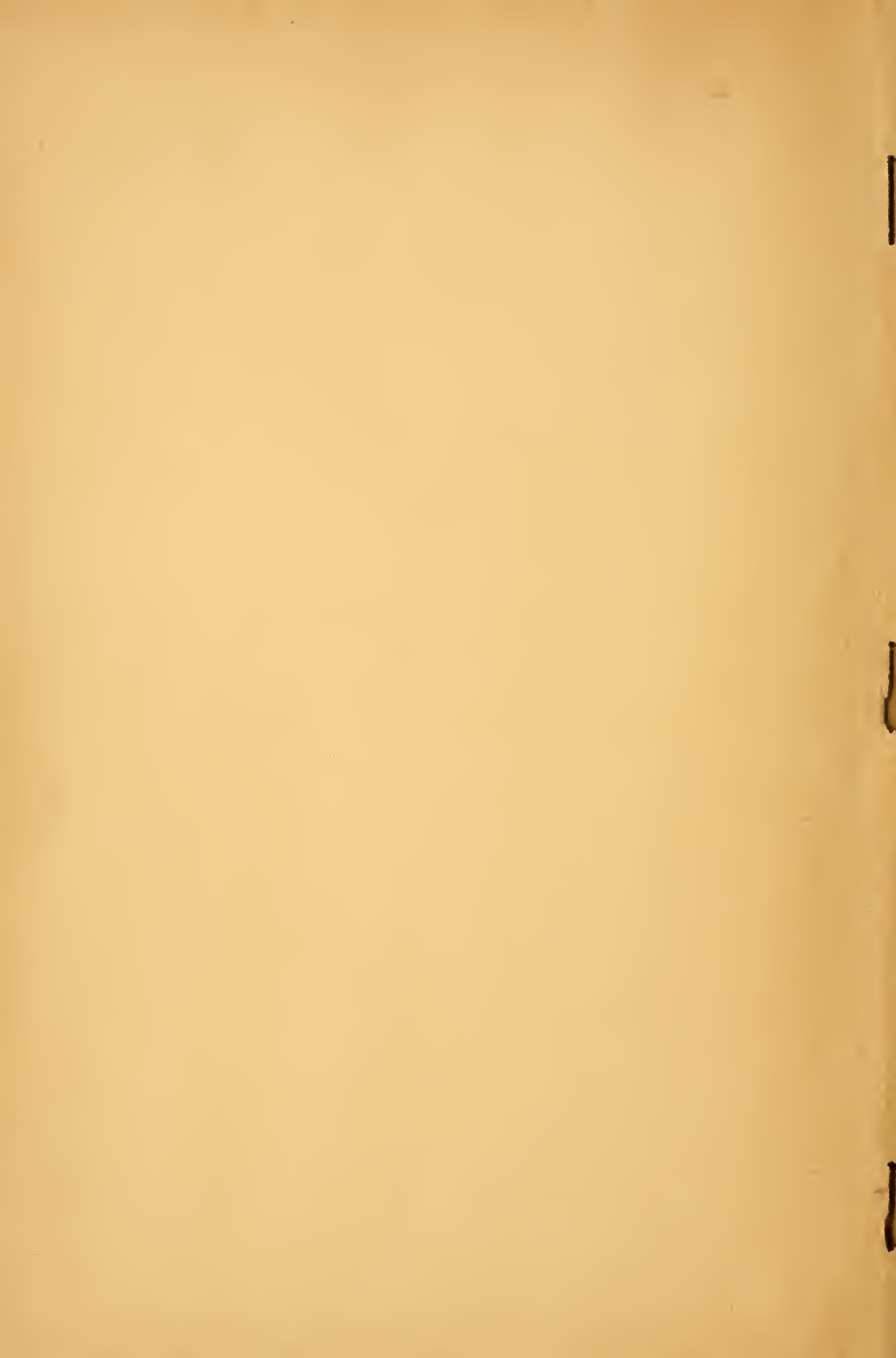


We gave our best;
The best was none too good;
When in our time of need,
For "Freedom" and "Right" it stood.



Elizabeth Rima





HEART ECHOES

By ELIZABETH RIMA

1918

DOUGLAS PRINTING CO., 1918

PS3535
.I7 H4
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DEC 24 1918

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Feb. 10. 19.
C. F. R.

To the "Boys"

*To the "boys" who went overseas
with purpose high and hearts aflame
to battle for Home and Country—
this little volume is respectfully
dedicated by the Author,*

ELIZABETH RIMA.



Foreword

America—thou fairest land
Beneath the starry dome above
Dost know the sacrifice each mother's heart doth make?
Give up our boys! For love of freedom and humanity—yes.
We feel the travail thru which we passed to give our fair
 lads birth.

Flesh of our flesh—all thru the sleepless night,
Our eyes do see the storm of shot and shell,
We feel the aching weariness of limb and body,
We feel the reeling dizziness of brain
Brought on by war's stern duties.
We know that "Flander's Field" may
Claim our noble heroes—yet
Rising from our knees—we "kiss the Rod"
Bearing all for Thee—America.

Our Flag

What do you see in our banner so gay,
As it proudly unfurls each fold,
Its stripes, White and Red,
And its field of Blue,
And its stars, not all yet told?

I see in each bar of silver white,
The faith and conscience pure
Of the men who launched our ship of state,
Under trials that few could endure.
When mine eyes behold the crimson bar,
Bright and untarnished it be,
I think of the blood of our sires of old,
The blood that was shed for me.

And the field brings to mind the azure dome,
Under which our free land lies,
With its mountains and lakes and its prairies broad,
And its wealth of treasure mines;
Each star brings to mind the travail and pain
Thru which each state passed 'ere 'twas born
Into a union of hearts and union of hands,
A union to which all belong.

I think of the mothers who labored, and won
'Midst great tribulation and cost,
Names that endureth forever and aye,
Thru all time, they will never be lost;
'Twas their sons who rose up in the might of their right
In the days when oppression was nigh,
And kept our bright banner, our glorious flag
Waving victorious on high.

And last, but not least, I am thinking of her,
Whose hands our bright banner first wrought,
And flung to the breezes, its bright starry folds,
Where a blessing from Heaven it caught;
And I rejoice that as women, we pledge to the Red,
The blood of our sons if need be,
To the White, all purity, loyalty, love,
To the Blue, all we're ever to be.

The flags of our Allies, oh, long may they wave!
Their loyalty ever ring true,
But on land or on sea,
Fling out to the winds,
Our own flag, the Red, White and Blue.



Our Garden In Berlin

There's a garden where is grown
Contention, greed and hate
Where the sun looks down in cold disdain and yet—
This garden seems to flourish,
And germinate the seed
Of rapine and of murder—and U-boats, too—you bet.
But we've got some workers
In our garden so fair,
And we're going to call them "Sammies" for short—
They've signed up with "Uncle Sam"
(And are askin' no release)
To plant in our neighbors garden
Seeds of a better sort.

They will weed out from this garden
Autocracy and sin,
And plant good Democratic seeds with care,
For the U-boats we're not caring,
We've got that beat a mile,
The "chasers" they must operate *some* where.
Our gardeners are proficient,
But they'll want a "boss" 'tis true,
And Pershing they say's the man to win;
But "Uncle Sam" 's the slogan,
And his heart will feel a thrill
When his boys plant Old Glory in Berlin.

Oh, it's over in Berlin, they're going to do the work,
Their machinery's in order, they're the boys who're going to
win;
They are ready for the job, and when the "moon is right"
They are going to plant Old Glory in Berlin.

Two Mothers

I cannot give you up, my boy,
You are my pride, my all;
Nurtured in the lap of luxury,
With learning gleaned from every school and college.
A substantial something not given to the lowlier in birth;
Your place is *here* among the learned and great.
I need your ever presence.
I would have your strong right arm to lean on,
Else—I am palsied and could not rise within myself.
I would have you ever by my side,
Where the young and gay might congregate,
To do me honor in my high estate.
I love their every word of compliment;
They say to me, "How dost thou thus retain thy wondrous
charm?"
"Hast thou the key to that perpetual fount of youth and
beauty?"
Why so choice of this—thy secret—give it us
That in our later years, we still may list to flatteries of men,
And drink the cup that social pleasures bring.

I would have *my* son to rise to fame,
Here in our own fair land where he was born;
Not set himself a target for the enemy,
And come back to me a maimed thing—
If that he comes at all—
For every eye to look upon with pity;
My mother's heart would shield you,
From privations all must know,
Who take up arms against so formidable a foe.
Thou who hast known aught but bed of down,
Could not rest, prone upon the earth,
With naught for pillow—save the khaki coat,

Or worse perchance, a stone, 'pon which to rest your weary
head,

If chance for slumber come at all

To your o'erwearied frame,

You could not long survive the "mess" dished up to common
soldiers,

No—no—I need you, every day and hour,

Mothers there are having not the delicate and keener senses,

Mothers who scarce can find for offspring

Things to eat and wear.

These are the men who should go forth to battle,

Finding *their* laurels on fields of gore;

Used at once, to all the ills of life.

They would not *know* or *feel* the sacrifice.

So order forth our chaffeur

With blazoned coat of arms,

And we will gather maidens fair

From every mansion round about;

And take them spinning o'er our vast estate.

That thou may'st make a choice,

From out the highest of their rank

Is told to you and me, thru every glance,

Shy and covered though it be.

So let's to our world of pleasure fly,

For time waits not when hair is turning grey;

And shadows lengthen, on the road of life.

* * * * *

My *other* mother—you will know by blunted fingers,

Worn by duties sacred—well performed,

By wrinkles made by bearing others' burdens,

When their strength and courage failed,

'Ere yet life's morning scarce began—

By the contour of the face,

That breathes in every line,

A life of love and sacrifice.

You will know her, by the firm poise of the head,
The look of love, compassion and regret
That shines forth in that clear grey eye—
By the plain soft garment,
Covering o'er a form, perhaps a little bent,
But rising strong and vigorous still,
When, toiling up the steep of life,
She finds a burden bearer,
Struggling 'neath a load—
She lends the word of cheer, the helping hand.

Her son, strong, manly, with youth and courage blent,
Goes forth—to call of arms;
That mother stands erect, with never faltering word,
Bids him *Godspeed*.

Her words of firm devotion to our beloved land,
Fire him with patriotic zeal

'Twere hard to reconcile, to the long tedious preparation of
a valiant army,

Making ready for the foe.

Her words to him are words of cheer,
As choking down the storm that fills her soul
With patriotic pride, she consecrates him
To the service of her country and her God.

She has told him of his birth right,
Transfusing as she did, from *her* brave loyal heart,
The life blood through *his* veins,

'Ere yet his eyes were opened to the world—

And planting in the young and grasping mind
Love of *country*, and devotion to the flag.

She taught the baby lips to sing "My Country,"
And told him that story from a loyal gifted bard,
Our own "Star Spangled Banner,"

And how he thrilled a waiting nation, with his words,
She sends him forth—a bright *star* in her little *world*.

Think you, our loyal mother feels not
The heavy pressure of her loss?—in grief;
Not so—with bursting heart
She seeks her chamber, and her God,
And with one long and piteous recital of her woes,
She buries there her sorrows,
Leaving all with Him;
And turns again to deeds of love sublime,
That far outshine those
For which brave men are decorated.
Great statesmen honored.
Working ever thus, her deeds unknown to fame,
But with a record in that Book above,
To put to shame the lives of those
The *world* calls great.



“Our Trysting Place”

Come into the garden, dear, there's something I would say,
I'm leaving for the front today, I know you'll not say nay;
I'll be waiting in the garden, dear, as the daisies nod their
 head,
Just as I know, you will do, when day her light has shed.

Come into the garden, dear, the rose is wet with dew,
And the tears upon your lashes, as I told you I must go—
Revealed a something unto me, more precious far than gold,
Your eyes shone forth the story, the sweetest ever told.

Do you remember years ago, we played at keeping house,
Wee lad and lassie, yet to me eternal were those vows;
So when the war is over, and I come back to you,
I want to keep a real house, just big enough for two.

The Parting Hour

I saw your face that morning dear,
 Heard the painful smothered sigh;
I saw the smile that was meant for me,
 And the tear in your clear blue eye;
You thought in your heart it was hidden, dear,
 Oh! it brought to me grief and pain,
And every hour I shall miss you, dear,
 Oh! will you come back again?

I gave you a smile when we parted, dear;
 And bade you a fond farewell—
A fountain of tears pulsed my aching heart,
 They would not be stilled—and fell
Glistening my tale of woe, dear;
 And though I turned aside,
To hide from you my anguish,
 I looked through my tears with pride.

And now you are "Somewhere in France," dear,
 Facing the wily foe;
There are brave hearts too, in the home, my dear,
 They are waiting and praying for you.
We are heroes all and our country's call
 Bids us prepare for the foe,
We'll never give up till victory's won,
 E'en though we shall miss you so.

Our Boys In Brown

There's a wave of love for freedom
 Hovering o'er our "Boys in Brown,"
They're reviving the old story
 Of glory and renown,
That has aye throughout the ages,
 Crowned our Nation's loyal men,
And we know that where you find them,
 You can join in this refrain:

Brave boys in brown,
 We're leaving it with you,
Our flag that waves on high;
 It's safe: As long as there's one to fight,
As long as there's one to die.

You have the blood of noble sires,
 We honor you every one.
Your mothers are praying at home, lads,
 Your sweethearts the "cap" will don,
And follow you into the fray, lads,
 On deeds of mercy bent;
And will do their best to "see you through,"
 These angels—Heaven sent.

Somewhere

Somewhere you're waiting,
Thinking, dear, of me.
Somewhere the song birds
Rise and gaily sing.
Somewhere the skies are cloudless;
But to me
Comes the sad thought:
Will you return again?

Oh that vague "somewhere!"
If my eyes could trace
A glimpse of that somewhere,
Could I but see thy face,
E'en tho' in dreamland,
An all but empty space;
I'd kiss the rod—
My dreaming not be vain.

From out the blackness
Comes a voice to me,
Bidding me hope on;
That some not distant day
Your ship will come
Across the foaming sea—
God haste the day!
And bid my longing cease.

The Redemption of Orrin Carr

What am I goin' to do with her?

Wal pardner I dun-no;

But my heart went out to the kid,

When I seen 'er in that 'ere hole,

Drenched to the skin.

That "ruf" aint much for shelter, you know,

Tho' it lets no sunshine in:

She was clean scared stiff,

In that hut over there,

An' her eyes—they pierced my soul,

Like those of my mother used to do,

When I "cum" home f'm school;

An' she as't me if I'd obeyed the "rools,"

An' be'n there all the day;

Or whether I'd played at "hookey,"

Down where the minnies play.

An' the pore little starvin' baby,

Covered with nuthin' but rags,

Was sobbin' an' callin' for "mother,"

Who them cursed Huns had dragged,

An' left out there not fur from the door,

(Or a hole in the cabin instead.)

Left her out there in the cold and the rain,

With her life blood runnin' red;

An' when I picked the little "un" up,

And her arms went round my neck,

And she still was callin' for "mother,"

Who was layin' there dead, near the shack;

Somethin' took hold o' this heart o' mine,

And clutched and wouldn't "leg-go:"

And her purty curls tho' snarled and dank,

Fell over my shoulder, so—

An' though I've be'n thinkin' I hadn't no soul,
Somethin' cum to me, Tom,
Somethin' that "teched" the *man* in me,
The *man* I had long thought gone;
Dead, since the time that gal o' mine,
Went off with another chap—Oh, God!
Afore that sad day

I was a man as was *white clean thru*.
Gads, it's queer how a girl like that,
Can any man undo:
Leavin' you down an' out—your unsteady brain
Makin' a fool o' you.
Doin' of deeds that afore that time,
Would have riz' your dander and ire;
Deeds that would put a bandit to shame,
Because your *brain* is on fire.

An' I wouldn't have even this little head,
That rests here on my heart,
I wouldn't have even her to know,
Of the terrible deeds I have wrought.
But, Tom—do you think she read it,
When she looked so scared and wild,
And her eyes sought mine as if to know
Could she trust me—the purty child;
But when that gal o' mine went
It cut my heart clean thru—
An' I laid around fer a spell,
Couldn't work—nothin' I wanted to do.
The good book says, that the devil finds
Work for idle hands, you know.
I larned this much at my mother's knee,
And I'll tell you now, ole pard,
There wa'n't nuthin' he didn't find for me,

From whiskey down to cards.
I've roamed around all over the earth,
And when I crossed the sea,
I thought to leave the devil behind,
And shake him "loose of me."
An' I'm sure that mother, there in the states,
Will go over "the list" with moist eye,
To find 'mongst "living or wounded, missing or dead,"
Some trace of her long-lost boy.

An' I'm goin' to write her a letter,
Somethin' I ain't done for years,
An' I'll tell her in this letter—
(I ax pardon ole chum for the tears.)
I'll tell her how this little 'un brought
The black sheep back to the fold;
An' I know that to her it will be
Like to the "story of old."
I'll say that I am sending her
Soon as I can catch safe "express,"
Somethin' to cheer her heart till I come,
Somethin' to make redress
For the shame an' grief I have brought her,
In the old home on the hill. But—
First we must care for the body out there,
Place it under that sheltering pine,
And place a marker—for out o' the gray
Some day the sun will shine.
And perhaps in the distant future,
It will help the child to find
Some clue to the little mother,
She soon will leave behind.
I think the kid is wakin', Tom,
Is there somethin' in that bag
To help to warm the little thing an' cover up the rags.

An' somethin' to eat—bring that too, pard,
And when she's fed an' warm,
She'll look into my eyes again,
And find they belong to a *man*.



Our Little Soldier Laddie

Mother's little soldier laddie
Up in poppyland,
Can't you hear my heart a-calling
Can't you hear the band?
Daddy's now a soldier,
Soon he'll sail away;
Mother's heart is sadly calling,
Daddy's leaving us today.

You will never know the meaning
Of these hours of pain;
You will play all day at "soldier"
It runs in every vein.
And the row of tiny soldiers,
Tho' of tin—will look to you,
Just as great as to your daddy,
Do brave sailor lads in blue.

Drowsy little soldier laddie,
When the daylight peeps,
And little eyes are opening
And the sunbeams creep,
And brighten every corner
Of that little slumber room,
Will you know my heart is calling?
"There's no daddy in the home?"

The Letter From Home

There's a letter in the pile,
Wrote with shaky, feeble hand,
With the U. S. postmark
Dimmed from handling o'er;
But this letter is the first
The eager boy's hands clutch
For it brings to him a message
From Yankee land and mother.

Thru glistening lashes then he reads,
With glances firm and slow,
Lest he miss one little treasured word,
"We're glad to know you're happy
In your work across the sea,
And our tears grow less each day, for we have heard
Of the glory and renown
That will be yours some day;
Of your fealty and devotion to the flag;
And we miss you, yes, we miss you
More than I can say,
And we're prouder, ever prouder of our boy."

There are letters from his school girl friends—
Mary, Lou and Kate—
Telling how they miss the old boy chums,
Telling of the games and jokes that made them best of pals,
And how they work, and sew and knit,
To help to fleece the Huns.

There is one from Saucy Genevieve,
She of the sunny hair,
And cheek to shame the pink hue of the rose,
And eyes that told him of her love,

Before he went away;
So far across the ocean to fight the foreign foes.

There is also one from Teddy,
His always bosom friend;
They had quarreled over marbles and the games that boys
 like best,
But the sun rose always on a pair
Of the Damon, Pythia's type;
To whom repentance and forgiveness
Restful sleep had brought.

But when he puts them all aside,
With gentle, lingering touch,
The one from mother, smiling up,
Meets with a soft caress
And with a look of tenderness,
He lifts his eyes above
Thanking God for "little mother"
Who blessed him with her love.

Our Red Cross Nurses

They are watchful, never weary,
Alert to every need,
A very healing with their smiles they shed;
On their round of love and mercy,
They fly with winged feet,
The white cap with crimson cross upon their head.

It rests on hair that's golden
As the early morning sun,
And cheeks like pink rose petals wet with dew;
But the dew upon the lashes
Of the kindly bright blue eye
Speaks of tender watchful vigil,
For our valiant boys so true.

It rests on hair whose blackness
Is like the shades of night,
And where lips are like the crimson cherries glow;
Where a heart beats brave and loyal,
That's steadfast as the stars,
And where a thought of weariness must never go.

But it's not to hair that's golden,
Nor yet of darker sheen
That all the glory of this *cross* belongs;
It's the joy and pride of mothers,
Crowned with hair of snowy white,
They have earned it by the brawn they gave their sons.
They have earned it through their anxious watch,
Of news from o'er the sea;
Through the efforts of their old and wrinkled hands.
There's a halo round about them,
That time cannot efface,
The wearers of this cross throughout our lands.

Reggie's Busy Day

Now the boys are away,
I've been thinking today
If you'll call to me, mother, at ten.
I will breakfast at one,
And then take a run
With my chaffeur and big limousine;
I'll call upon the mothers
Who have eligible daughters,
Who're not deigning to look at *me*, when
A "Tom," "Dick" or "Harry"
Would ask them to marry;
So call me up, mother—at ten.

Now "Tom" never dressed
In extreme height of style;
His clothes are passe, we all know,
And his tie is a fright,
And his coat not as tight
As custom demands—and it's true
That he works at a trade,
And never has made,
But just a few thousand or so.
But the ladies all sigh
When he passes them by;
While I with my millions can "go."

Dick's just a machinist,
Who tinkers you know
With airplanes and things of that sort.
"Harry" don't care for looks,
And it's whispered he *cooks*
When occasion demands—he's a sport;
But when *he* walks down the streets

Every girl that he meets, says
Hello! here is Harry—by jove,
Not one of them smiles
Or tires to beguile
Your boy into regions of love.

I'd like to join the ranks,
But I decline with thanks;
For it musses up your linen and muddies up your shoes,
The bloomin' trench is damp,
The "fare" gives one a cramp,
And the "fightin' " makes one shiver with the blues;
And now I realy think
It's a "deuced" clever trick
To make the girls see what a "catch" I'd be
For you know my chance is slim
When the "boys" return again,
When the "boys" come back again from o'er the sea.

Now, mother dear,
Now isn't it queer,
But a *thought* has struck me and so
I must be up at ten,
I'm so hurried—and then,
It's the time to "get busy" you know.

A Captain of Fate

In a cold and cheerless dingy room
Sits a woman old and grey,
Knitting and nodding, but working away;
Knitting and nodding and knitting;
Her thoughts are with one far over the sea,
The last of her brood of seven,
And she feels in the hush of the twilight hour
The "Peace" for which she has striven.

Her waking hours were sore disturbed
When her Jamie went away,
And on bended knee she prayed for strength
And Faith to be with her alway;
And she sighs, as she thinks of the tangled skein
Of life, so nearly spent,
Of the knots unraveled, in all life's web,
Of the many stitches dropped.

Of the life that tho' checkered, the sun oft came
Thru the rifts in the clouds as they passed.
Then she smiles as she thinks of Jamie, her boy,
The baby who came to her last.
And with tear-stained lashes she lifts her eyes
Up to the Father of all;
And thanks Him, that one of her boys was left
To go at his country's call.

And the needles she plies with loyal zeal;
But a look of wonderful peace
O'erspreads the face of this "Captain of Fate,"
And the click of the needles cease;
The head droops low, and with a nod
That will waken the sleeper no more,
For the waiting heart has reached the wharf
Whose boats touch the other shore.

“Uncle Sam”

There's a grand old man
Who has honor and fame,
And he *stands* for the U. S. A.
He is filled with “pep” and pluck,
And the kaiser is in luck
If with him he gets away.
He's tall and he's straight
In *form* as well as *name*,
And his fame's spread near and far.
Oh! we're standing with him always,
With our army and our navy,
We are *with* him for *victory*.

His hat's of the style
That our grandfathers wore,
And his swallow tail coat is too,
And we love every hair
Of that dear old head,
And the long thin whiskers, too.
There are stripes in his trousers
That remind one of the “stripes”
Of cruel slavery days,
Over which we had a tussle,
That gave us brawn and muscle,
And we're going to use it on the Huns.

Love's Yearning

As I sit in the evening twilight,
With the lamps turned dim and low,
I think of the love that is mine, dear,
And my heart is all aglow,
With the thought that when you come back, dear,
We will sit in the purple shade,
United and happy and gay, dear,
As the love bees in the glade.

I hear the wood dove calling,
With its plaintive sad refrain,
But I turn my ear and listen
For a sweeter gladsome strain;
And I know that your heart is calling
To my heart across the sea—
And God will send you back again,
Back to home—back to love and me.



"A Lullaby"

Hush my babe, the night is drear,
Mother will care for you, never fear;
We are safe from war's alarm,
Mother will keep you from all harm;
Cuddle close in mother's arms,
Sleep, my precious one, sleep.

Daddy's on the ocean wild,
Thinking only of his darling child,
We will pray God every day,
He will keep him safe always,
He will keep him safe always,
So sleep, my little one, sleep.

Are We on the Kaiser's Ocean?

In a country o'er the ocean,
Over 'cross the big sea water,
Lived a man—or such they called him.
 Crafty was this man and cunning,
 And he gathered round about him,
From his kinsmen and from others,
 Such a horde of crafty helpers,
And they thought with all their cunning,
 That they should control this planet,
 Put a great big fence around it,
And by making little "toy boats,"
 That would ride beneath the water,
 They'd control both land and ocean,
Quicker than it takes to tell it.

So one day he springs the war stuff,
 On his many various subjects,
And he tells them what a picnic 'tis,
 To just control a planet;
For *with* him, he told his subjects
 Was the God who rules above us,
 And the things he promised to them,
Slice of this, and part of that,
 Showed that with our Uncle Sammy
 Or his host, he'd failed to reckon.

But this "beastie" never ceasing,
 With his soft soap and palaver, said
I ne'er will fight *you*, uncle;
 But *he* kept on with his killing,
And his sinking of the vessels
 That dared venture on *his* ocean;
Till the "Uncle," though unwilling

Said one day, "Can't stand no more."
And the tall man with the whiskers,
That has subjects by the millions,
Scratched his head and kept a-thinkin'.
With his fine face touched with pity,
And in voice low and with feeling,
To himself he slowly muttered:
"There's my college boys by thousands,
And the mill hands very plenty,
And the stalwart men from off the farms,
And the offices *their* quota."
He looked his country over,
The highlands and the lowlands,
And with a sigh that rent his heart
He bravely said, "I must."
"But zounds! how I do hate it,"
For demon such as *that*,
Making of my boys a target.

But I'll sound the notes of freedom,
Send it forth upon the breezes.
Then—the bugles sounded loudly,
And the drums began a-beating,
Like the throbbing of the heart
Of a fierce beast after prey.
And the breezes take the message,
To ears that heed the calling,
And the east, and west,
And north and south,
In one vast line appears;
And they tumble over mountains,
And rush across the valleys,
To do the Nation's bidding,
And to free our sister countries
Over there across the sea.

There are men devoid of reason,
Men who *like* to war with fate;
But *this* helmet-headed monster,
Where *our heart* is, has a gizzard;
And would grind up every nation
On the globe, to feed his "maw."

But the boys come fast and steady,
With a firm tread and a sure one,
And the ships are build by hundreds,
And the "planes" just keep on coming;
And the rations are not stinted—
No! the boys must have a-plenty,
And the comforts, too, they're getting,
And we want them, when they come back,
To say we've used 'em "square."

And the "white caps" on the ocean
Are but little gentle ripples
To the loyal *surge of life blood*,
Thru the hearts of maidens fair,
Who will follow all detachments—
A white cap, with cross of crimson
Resting on their glossy hair;
And when Uncle Sam's boys need them,
Rest assured, they will be there.

And a message coming over
From this land across the water,
Fills our hearts with praise,
For boys in trench and field and sky,
And we're thinking that this monster
Finds his bright dream but a nightmare,
And we're to prescribe a potion
That to him may seem some bitter,

But with just a little water,
From his ocean he can down it;
And when once effect it's taken,
He will find his rest so peaceful,
That he'll wonder how it happened,
That 'mongst all his "kultured" people,
There were none to tell their ruler,
That democracy was better,
Than his longing for promotion,
To be ruler over sea and sky and land,
And when his eye's we've opened,
The boys will sail home safely,
O'er an ocean owned and traversed
By this whole world at large.



Our Dead Heroes

Where the rays of the sun linger longest,
Where the blush of the morn first appears,
Where poppies will lift their bright heads to the sky,
We will lay them in silence and tears.
In a grave over there near the trenches,
A grave that a king might grace
We will lay them there till the Judgment,
When we'll meet them face to face.
We will lay them there till the Judgment,
When they will ascend the throne,
And sit at the right hand of God, who will say,
"Enter—thy deeds were well done."



Somewhere In France

"Somewhere in France," my laddie;
How vague these words to me;
And I search in vain for a tell-tale name,
To disclose this somewhere to me.

Are you in the thick of battle,
Where the roar of enemies' shell
Makes a maddening din around you,
Where your dying comrades fell?

Are you in the muddy trenches,
Fearing not that enemies' shell?
Are you by the cheerful camp-fire,
Where the sentry cries, "All's well?"

Are you wounded, bleeding, dying
Where no help of mercy comes;
Where no loving voice and gentle,
Speaks of mother, love and home?

Oh, my heart, be still a moment—
Let my pleadings so entrance
Every breeze that sweeps the ocean,
Into bringing news from France;
From that vacant, nameless "somewhere,"
Which holds my all—in sunny France.

My Beacon Light

Dearest little mother,
In that home beyond the sea;
You will keep the little flag
In the window for me;
Praying that its star of blue
Will throw a beacon light
To guide me always into deeds
Of valor, truth and right.

When I close my eyes at night
Beneath the starry dome,
The lone star in your window
Will outshine them, two to one;
And fill me with a pride to be—
A patriot—a *man*;
And to serve my glorious country
With honor to your name.

May our blue star never turn to gold;
May it guide me safe home to you,
That we may be happy
As we were in days of old,
When our sky was ever blue,
When the boys sail home,
In glory and renown,
I will hasten, dear mother, to you;
And we'll kiss every inch
Of the little "service flag,"
The "beacon" that guided me through.

Send Me Away With a Smile

I'm glad I made you smile, lassie,
I like you better so;
It's the girl that can smile,
That makes life worth while,
So smile before I go.

Wars are not won with tears, lassie,
So smile and bid me go
"Over the top" where duty calls,
And my country sends me too.

Your smiles they give me courage, lassie,
Courage to do and dare,
So smile—and away with your tears, lassie,
It will help me "over there."

So send me away with a smile, dear,
Send me away with a smile,
It helps, you know, to conquer the foe,
So send me away with a smile.

Our Boys in Khaki

What are you doing to help our boys?
Our boys in khaki today,
Who answered the call for "men" and more "men,"
And are entering into the fray?
It's not your boy, or my boy the country calls,
But our boys, who are leading the way.

They are ours for freedom and honor and right,
Their lives are of priceless worth;
They are "ours" thru the blood that was shed to give
Our glorious land its birth.
They are "ours" thru Unity, Strength and Love,
Ours boys—the pride of the earth.

Then let's to the work—what though wearied are we,
Let us help our boys to win!
Sure, we'll not be slackers and hide 'neath the flag,
With our boys at the front to aim
A blow at the traitors who threaten our land,
While we look ignominiously on.

Let's send them a song to brighten the hours,
A song light, and airy, and gay,
A song of the lassies who bade them "Godspeed,"
With a smile to cheer their way,
And our hearts will be lighter, the sun brighter shine,
On America's champions today.

Our Service in the Rear

When the war is o'er at last,
And the boys come sailing home,
And Kaiser Bill has had his just deserts.
And we've shown him that the boys in brown
Are huskier than he thought,
Though to beat him they have only worked by spurts,
We will melt the Kaiser's helmet,
Casting out the filth and dross,
And we'll make it into medals
For the boys who "came across."
For the boys who, strong and sturdy
Have never known a fear.
For the boys who work and wrestle,
With the problems in the rear.

They dig ditches, with a song that reaches Heaven, I know;
Their deeds may not bring fame but are deeds of trust.
They are given Provost duty
And laying of the tracks,
Set us "loco's" to be ready to just "get up an' dust."
They are looking not for honors,
Their reward will be in Heaven,
Their lives for home and country,
Would be ever freely given.
And when the lines for home are placed
I know that we shall hear
"Forward" the ranks in front are yours
For your service in the rear.

AMERICA—LIBERTY—OLD GLORY

(Our Glorious Trio)

Dear land of the free! To thee I would sing
 An anthem of music, more grand
Than has ever inspired the strings of a harp,
 Or a heart in Symphony Land.
A poem so deep it would reach beneath
 The sea and ocean depths,
So broad, it would cover this wonderful land,
 This land of ours, and then stretch
Into infinite space of mountain and chasm
 Be caught by the breezes, and then
Be wafted to other lands far o'er the seas;
 Fill that broad area, and when
It had traversed the woodlands, the prairies and lakes
 I would make it to soar above
To that land where no limit of time or space
 Is made by the Father of Love.
This is the scope I would give my song,
 I would sing to you today.
This glorious birthday of our land,
 Our land of liberty.
I would sing a dirge for the trials sore
 And discouragement deep and dire
Of the man who first set sail to find
 This beautiful land. My lyre
Would strike sweet notes of sympathy
 And trust, and would lead him on
To the task in hand, and would not be stilled
 Until victory was won.
I would sound a knell of dark despair
 For thwarted ambitions—my song
Would strike glad notes when I sight the land,

My crescendo would rise and fall,
Over every mountain in every glade
And chorus on chorus prevail;
With notes sad and sweet as the wood doves I'd tell
Of privation, disease and toil
That assailed those men of courage who came
As tillers of the soil,
But when came to mind the triumph at last
Of the victor and their spoils,
A pean of music should fill the earth,
A fanfare of harmony blend
Heaven and earth, with its mighty strains,
My fantasy have no end.
I would strike my lyre with a tone that would thrill
Every heart, be it high or low,
I would sing of the sires who fought and died,
Of the wives who mourned them, too.
With joyous strain I would raise my voice
And pierce the sky above;
For the comely maidens of '76,
And their deeds of mercy and love.
When I thought of the days of '61,
Of those cruel slavery days,
My strings would sob out such notes of despair
For the shame, and sacrifice.
But would rise again into cadence sweet,
And then into strains so grand,
In honor to him who made men free
Over all this glorious land.
And a requiem mournful, and sad, and slow,
Would waft upon the breeze.
When I behold the assassin's work
And a nation on its knees—
My chords would blend into harmony sweet
As the years go on and on,

Till the North and the South and the East and the West,
Over all our land or one.
And on this harmony should sound—
But—there comes a day, alas!
When a monster in human form
Appears and hurries on to the fray
His thousands of men, and strikes,
From behind and beneath, his coward blows
But awakes, to find his enemy
The strongest and bravest of foes,
The skulking cowards of the sea
Without warning, stealthily creep
Under monster loads of humanity
And commerce on the deep
And then like serpents strike
But not in the open like men.
They send our hospital vessels down
With never a thought of pain
Oh God! Must our prayers be in vain?
Are they counted naught but dross?
These wounded men, and costumed maids
With their cap and crimson cross?
Oh! My heart is sad and my pulsing throat
With choking sobs is crammed
Like a giant organ bellowing forth
Its story of the damned.
And my song dies out for a time, but my eyes
Behold a brave army of men.
The trappings of war, and the order goes forth,
“To your guns,” and then
American’s gallant defenders swarm
Over ocean and into the fray
And it’s “over there” and “over the top”
America sings today.
So my anthem breaks forth once again,

'Twould rise ever and ever to Thee,
As long as Old Glory waves in the breeze
And liberty makes us free
So in themes from all ages united I'd give
A lasting tribute of song
To America, Liberty, Old Glory,
Our glorious "Three in One."



A Prayer

Oh God of Hope be with us while we pray
For our dear boys just entering the "Fray:"
On land or sea, Oh Father, be their stay,
Father of love—we kneel to Thee.

Oh God of Mercy, soothe our aching hearts,
Pleading for help to bear the awful smart
Of war's dread curse—in city or in mart;
Father of Love—be near to-day.

Oh God of Peace, oh, still the war's alarm,
Keep them all safe, and free from every harm;
Should any fall—oh, Father—"stay the storm,"
Oh God of Battle, guide them safe home.







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